

Crow III

White Zombie

"He can't get away with by the time
He gets in front of the jury
He'll be a good boy", said man one
At a little before five o'clock He went through the basement
"Yes or no?", demanded man two
Bantering humor dry in his throat
"Is there more than what she gave you?" Questioned man three as a growing flicker
Waved across his eyes, "No"
The space surrounds constitutes a classic climate
This happens to now everyone in the room You feel traces, a dying sound
Listen to the time of your life
Standstill, panic stricken
Ringing the bells of a empty houses
Someone answers and calls you Transfixed by committed you say
"I ain't no guillotine"
The girl spoke from the doorway in her rasping voice
"What he wants is in the house"
The words hung there for a moment Bending forward she plucked
She plucked the ashes from his cigarette
And said something nobody could understand
Nobody could understand, nobody could understand One moment of irritation
You call back, "Why me?"
The vantage point above the street
Can be exhilarating Falling back to a perspective odyssey
A track of thunder tower lust of decomposed intensity
I am, I am, I am, I am

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